BOLLMAN'S POPULAR EDITION

CHOICE SONGS.

It was a Dream,	*Sop.*,	Cowan.	35
In the Gloaming,	*Mez. Sop.*,	Harrison.	30
Only,	*Mez. Sop. or Alto*,	Gabriel.	35
My Dearest Heart,	*in B♭*,	Sullivan.	30
Oh! How Delightful,		Molloy.	30
Welcome, Pretty Primrose,		Pinsuti.	30
Not a Sparrow Falleth.		Abt.	35
This Bonnie Lass o' Mine,		Roeckel.	30
Leaf from the Spray,	*Waltz Song*,	Moy.	50
In Shadowland,	*Alto*,	Pinsuti.	35
Douglas, "Tender and True,"		Scott.	35
Bridge,	*Alto, "A."*	Carew.	40
By the Blue Sea.		Smart.	30
Jamie,	*Alto*,	Molloy.	35

THIS BONNIE LASS O' MINE

BALLAD.

J. L. ROECKEL.

Annie Laurie,		Scotch.	40
Perplexity	*Alto*,	Abt.	35
Fair Dove, Oh! Fond Dove,		Gatty.	35
Once Again,	*Sop. or Ten.*,	Sullivan.	35
Danube River	*Song*,	Aide.	30
Blue Alsatian Mountains,		Adams.	40
Let Me Dream Again,	*in E♭*,	Sullivan.	40
I Must Leave Thee, Bonnie Kate,		Abt.	40
Good-Bye, Sweetheart,		Hatton.	40
Far Away,	*Mez. Sop.*,	Lindsay.	30
Some Day,	*Song*,	Wellings.	35
All for Her,	*Ballad*,	Gatty.	35
May Morning,		Roeckel.	30
Garden of Roses,		Gabriel.	40

30

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THIS BONNY LASS O'MINE.

Written by HUGH CONWAY. Music by J. L. ROECKEL.

Con Spirito.

1. She has no worldly gear to show, No silk at - tire to wear, No co - ro - net to grace her brow, No Nor - man name to bear, No pearls up - on her neck to lie, No
2. No a - cres wide to lend their charms, No ti - tle deeds to hold, Of cas - tles, manors, hou - ses, farms, No bags of yel - low gold: She has no vas - sals to command, To

f *con amore*

sapphires bright to shine, But O, she has the blue - est eye, This bon - ny lass o'
heed her faint - est sign, But O, she has the whit - est hand, This bon - ny lass o'
3. O, my heart of hearts she claims, This bon - ny lass o'

f *p*

ff *con passione.* *Fine.*

mine. But O, she has the blue-est eye, This bonny lass o' mine.
mine. But O, she has the whit-est hand, This bonny lass o' mine.
mine. And O, my heart of hearts she claims, This bonny lass o' mine.

f *alle tromba.* *ff* *colla parte.* *f*

meno mosso. *espress.*

3. Her gold-en hair which bright-ly glows, A Mon-arch's crown would scorn, And

p dolce.

rall.

O, she wears a red, red rose, I pluck'd at dew-y morn! Each

rall.

tempo primo. *D. C.*

ro-sy lip the rose-bud shames, Her voice is soft and fine, And

D. C.

tempo primo.